

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 3, 1937

WHO'S WHO

M. J. HILLENBRAND spends all except his vacation time as professor at the University of Dayton, Ohio. He has aroused considerable talk by former articles in AMERICA, specifically when he wrote about the immigrant keeping his Faith in the bad U. S. A., and when he touched upon the need of a Catholic political party. Where will Catholics stand should there be an international explosion? . . . ELIZABETH LINCOLN is a most provocative mind. She is an experienced business woman in a great metropolis and writes occasional articles that always expose an individualistic slant. . . . ALBERT I. WHELAN put aside his duties as Managing Editor to have his say about Spain. He spent four years at Oña, in the Province of Burgos, associating mostly with Basques. He lived for weeks at a time in Bilbao, Santander, Madrid and Seville, before certain Spaniards turned into radishes, as the new Spanish saying has it: red outside but white within. . . . NORBERT ENGELS is a professor in the English Department at Notre Dame University. Across the field from Notre Dame is St. Mary's, of which Sister Madeleva is the charming rectoress. If there be "words" passed between the Engels' house and Notre Dame and St. Mary's we offer the Literary Editor as adjudicator. . . . LAURA BENET, author of *Basket for a Fair*, is sister to the famous Benet brothers, William Rose and Stephen Vincent. She prefers a little farmhouse in a little town of Pennsylvania to the teeming hives of poetry in big cities. . . . SISTER RITA AGNES is domiciled at Wellesley, Mass., and with this poem pays her second visit to our columns.

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COMMENT

MOANING trombones, muted cornets, and the Cab Calloway school of lyric poetry have given a notoriety to Harlem enormously greater than was ever enjoyed by the Sewanee River or the old Kentucky home. And yet this famous district in New York, with its 250,000 Negroes, has heartbreaking problems which are realized by few of those who know the words to "Minnie the Moocher." Nearly all of Harlem's problems spring from its frightfully inadequate housing. That is why Lenox Avenue enjoyed a great day last week when the city took over the model housing project recently built by the PWA. Within a few days a group of Negro families, who have hitherto lived in dark, disease-breeding and overcrowded rooms, will move into the 574 new apartments, each boasting of hot water, electric refrigeration, a tiled bath, and plenty of sunlight and play space. And yet this good news only serves to emphasize the proportions of the housing problem still facing the huge, sprawling city. Only one family out of every 120 in Harlem can hope to live in the new buildings. Moreover, the average rent—\$7 a room per month—is far beyond the purses of the poorer families who stand in most desperate need of good housing. And in the whole of New York there are 1,800,000 persons dwelling today in what are known as "old-law" tenements.

AS against "bad" Catholics, "good" Catholics are appealed to by Communists in this country to join with them in being run by unknown persons and invisible committees for an undefinable cause. "Good" Catholics are those who say anything that can be quoted out of its text in supposed favor of Marxianism. The *New Masses* carries one of these appeals by a person stated to be a Catholic; yet even his brand of Catholicism is too strong for the editors, who prudently observe that "the article does not represent our views in many respects." The answer to his plea is in a recent article by the editor of the *New Republic* directed at ex-Governor Smith. Mr. Bliven sails angrily into the Church for simply being herself; for being displeased about persecution in Spain, for expressing a very natural objection to indecency on the screen (thereby avoiding, not creating censorship), for refusing to countenance violation of the natural law in the use of matrimony, and a few other matters. Catholics are interested in preserving life and preserving liberty. We can see no friendship in an outstretched hand joined to a body destructive of both.

MISERY loves company. If we are in distress because of labor troubles in this country, we may be consoled to know that things are by no means so

bright in the Soviet paradise. Soviet-Optimist Harold Denny, successor as Moscow correspondent to Arch-Optimist Walter Duranty, spills much out in his dispatch of June 22. Output of consumers' goods is rapidly declining; and there are "serious shortages of shoes, cloth and clothing." Engineers are in confusion. Materials do not reach the workers. The number of workers fulfilling norms of output has fallen to half what it was in April, 1936. Total productivity of labor has actually fallen. The automobile industry is in a state of grave disorganization. "Labor discipline appears to have collapsed. Workers are disgusted with the varying wage schedules whereby foremen and skilled mechanics receive less than unskilled labor. They are quitting in droves." Out of 35,000 workers of all automobile plants, 12,000 quit their jobs last year and 5,000 have quit so far this year. It looks as if the Marxian dialectic had the cramps.

FRENCH factory girls to the number of some seventy odd recently screamed, spun round like tops and then sank to the floor beside their machines. Unfortunately youth is liable to mass hysteria of the spiritual order not a bit less contagious than the neurological malady which convulsed the Gallic maidens. Hitler was aided not a little in his climb to power by the spell he cast upon the German youth, some of whom have passed from the preliminary phases of mass singing and mass marching to the crisis of Mass-hating. Unless something is done in our great cities to stop Marxism from wantoning in our schools, we of America may be compelled to see our boys and girls run amok, for a brief tragic period at least, in a psychic outbreak after the German model. Their moral nerves are continually jangled by slogans and shibboleths of every Leftist hue from diffident shell-pink to arrogant and unblushing crimson. Many have already indulged in the pre-psychotic symptoms of singing and oratory and mildly intoxicating demonstrations. If a political or spiritual stress comparable to the German should be laid upon this favorably disposed material, what is to prevent them from being carried away by a clinical seizure—of the type that leads its hypnotic victims to the barricades with brick-bats and rifles?

PRACTICAL problems of catechetical instruction are being met in the most thorough and systematic fashion by the *Centre Documentaire Catholique* at 11, rue des Récollets, Louvain, which offers a world service in the catechetical field. The Center maintains three principal features: a documentation service, in which publications and material of every description bearing upon the teaching of Christian

doctrine are analyzed; a permanent exposition of such literature and material; and a consultation service on methods. More than 5,000 volumes, with hundreds of pictures, charts, films, plays, etc., from all over the world are available for study and inspection at the Center. In March of this year a monumental study of this vast assemblage of material was published under the title: *Où en est l'enseignement religieux?* (*The State of Religious Instruction*) at the price of thirty Belgian francs. This has taken the form of a complete bibliography of religious instruction, with a careful comparison and analysis of methods and their application to modern conditions. Since in this country the movement towards the unification of our catechetical basic texts and the coordination of our catechetical material is now vigorously under way, American teachers of Christian Doctrine will welcome this valuable opportunity to survey accomplishments in the entire field.

COMMENCEMENT addresses to graduates are a symptom of our civilization, its tendencies and the forces ruling it. They are usually either strongly partizan or heavy and dull, but in either case they reveal the cross currents and the motives and ideals of the many. Walter Lippmann was neither ponderously learned nor dull in addressing the graduates of Smith College but in manner and technique must have delighted the women graduates and their friends. He made some telling strictures on the world scene as well as a sane appraisal of the function of a general education. But it was surely inadequate and unsatisfactory that the best advice he could give his hearers to follow in making the world a better place to live in, did not go beyond the revelation of the Delphic oracle to Cicero. It is symptomatic that one can stand up today before a body of young people ready for life and ignore completely the Revelation made by the Son of God twenty centuries ago, which, despite its neglect and rejection nowadays has been the inspiration and origin of whatever we possess worthwhile in our civilization as well as the only sustaining hope of the future. We wish Mr. Lippmann with the many good things he embraces could reach a little higher.

PRESS comments on industrial, social and economic problems bring home to us repeatedly the common confusion existing in the lay mind concerning the distinction between legality and morality. If it is true that our Federal legislation on these subjects—the statement needs tempering with respect to State statutes—rarely conflicts with moral teaching, the proximate possibility is ever urgent; on the other hand we do not lack glaring examples of the opposition in totalitarian countries whether collectivist or Fascist. We see practices and usages legalized which are clearly immoral, just as we witness acts and conduct declared illegal which are not only moral but even holy and salutary. The Soviet regime has elaborated a code in which contraception and abortion are made legal. On the other

hand, the teaching of religion to youths under eighteen has been declared illegal. The criticism expressed by critics of the Irish Constitution on questions ruled by morality, finding in few instances a sympathetic echo among Catholics, as well as distorted and exaggerated ideas on democracy, stress the present need of calling attention to this commonplace distinction. All signs point to the near approach of a time when the Catholic will be called to take an almost isolated stand on fundamental questions of Christian morality and it is well to be prepared for the issue.

ADELPHI Terrace lost one of its most distinguished citizens in the passing of Sir James M. Barrie. At first glance it might seem that the fey Scot was an incongruous idol for the England that had switched from its squires to its Zaharoffs, and toppled Copperfield and Jane Eyre from their pedestals to make room for Shavian supermen and Wellsian no-longer-men. Yet for the cloudy English temperament it was a natural and a lovable recoil from its materialist prison to fly to the magic wood of *Dear Brutus*. Outraged nature will have her revenge; the very age which in its birth-control clinics was closing the world against the child, was enshrining the perennial Peter Pan as the embodiment of its wistful dreaming.

SCHOOL is in once again in Chicago but this time it happens to be the C. Y. O. vacation school. For some years the C. Y. O. has carried out its program in various parts of the city in conjunction with the parks and playground centers. This year the program has been launched on a yet larger scale. Thirty-three centers have been organized with the cooperation of the Playground Commission. Enrollment is anticipated to exceed 40,000 children with no restrictions as to race or religious affiliations. The faculty includes a highly trained corps of teachers from among priests, nuns and lay teachers who are enthusiastic for the work. A program of recreation, profitable entertainment and training in technical crafts will provide useful relaxation and occupation for this vast army of Chicago children. The C. Y. O. of our other cities would do well to send observers to Chicago during the summer to learn the immense amount of good that results from this excellently planned vacation school.

MURDER will out and so will truth eventually. Americans through the press have been led to believe that the Basque people as a unit is allied with the Valencia Government. In a recent speech before the Congress of the French Social Party, M. Ybar-negaray, French-Basque Socialist deputy, declared: "The whole of Navarre rose against Communism, as did the whole of Alava and Guipuzcoa, as well as half of Viscaya. . . . What then is left? Which part has joined the party of the Anarchic-Communist Government of Madrid and Valencia? Only one-half of Viscaya. All the rest stands by Franco."

CLYDE BEATTY IN A CAGE AND MR. LEWIS WITH HIS C.I.O.

But tigers are tamer than Communists

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

AT least once a week someone writes me: "Is John L. Lewis a Communist?" To save time I am thinking of a printed card which will give all the information which I have, and it totals nothing. Acting on the theory that most people are neither Chinese nor Communists, I assume that Mr. Lewis is not a member of the Communist party, and for details refer my inquirers to Mr. Lewis himself. I believe that he has disclaimed all links with Communism, and perhaps he may be good enough to reassure all inquirers that he is not even faintly pink. It occurs to me, however, that some color is given this question, particularly of late, by the fact that the Committee for Industrial Organization, which is the brain child of Mr. Lewis, is marching to victory on a path of violence.

The Committee riveted the attention of the country when it devised the sit-down strike in the motors industry, a picturesque form of violence accompanied with little letting of blood. One of the latest spectacles connected with the Committee was the riot in Chicago at which ten men were killed by the police. In the first four months of this year, 2,058 strikes were registered, involving more than a million workers. Mid-June brought civil war in three States, the chief centers being Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, Youngstown in Ohio, and Lansing and Monroe in Michigan. In these and other districts, we had the fanfare which we have grown accustomed to associate with the C.I.O., the loud and large claims, the defiance of law and the courts, sporadic gun fights and mutual recrimination by employers and workers.

For the moment, we need not pause to anticipate the work of Messrs. Taft, Garrison and McGrady, the President's Mediation Board, by apportioning the blame to be borne by these parties. It is sufficient here simply to note the undeniable fact that to find a comparison for the violence of 1937 we must go back to the battles at Homestead and to the Coronado labor wars.

But if a badge of shame is to be awarded, must it be pinned to the bosom of John L. Lewis? Is he responsible for this planned violence? Does he now condone it?

I think the first question may be answered in the negative. As to the second, largely due to Mr. Lewis

himself, there will be difference of opinion. For at times Mr. Lewis suffers from acute attacks of an inflated ego, complicated by inflammation in his language.

Peering through the smoke that hangs over the battle-field, it seems to me that certain facts stand out. John L. Lewis prepared his Committee for action in a militant mood which he has never been obliged to recapture. For this he is not to be too severely censured. He knew that in attacking the steel and motor companies he would deal with some of the cleverest and most unscrupulous exploiters of labor this unhappy world has ever seen. Again, he organized hurriedly, taking what material he could get. That fact will explain why the C.I.O. has never had a sieve-like committee on membership. It is even possible that Mr. Lewis took in all the Communists and other professional trouble-makers, confident that he could tame them. Unfortunately, some were not tameable, and after signing a contract with the General Motors Corporation, they broke it no fewer than 181 times between March 12 and June 15.

As I view it, Mr. Lewis with his Communists is a Clyde Beatty in a cage of tigers. Can he fend off these trouble-makers with the aid of a chair and a couple of blank cartridges? On his skill the future of the C.I.O. depends.

Some employers assert that the real leadership has already passed from Mr. Lewis to irresponsible and violent men. They point out that neither Mr. Lewis nor Homer Martin is able to exercise any degree of control over thousands of men enrolled in the last few months. Motor manufacturers claim that contrary to the signed agreement, the C.I.O. unions are using such force on non-union workers that these feel compelled for their physical safety to join the union. These violent acts have been reported to Lewis and Martin, they argue, and no expulsions from the union, or even suspensions, have followed. In an interview published in the *New York Times* for June 19, William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors said, referring to the strikes that have occurred since his company signed its agreement with the C.I.O.

The inability of the union to control its members has caused most of these unwarranted stoppages

of labor and loss of wages. Not a single effective disciplinary measure has been taken by the union's officers to date. The union has not followed the agreed-upon procedure for adjusting grievances in a single case in which a stoppage occurred. In numerous cases strikes have been called before any complaints were presented. This is not keeping the agreement. It makes the agreement a mockery. The Corporation entered into the agreement in good faith and has observed all its provisions. What has the union done to keep its agreement in any respect?

Mr. Knudsen does not believe that Messrs. Lewis and Martin are parties to these strikes, called in violation of the contract. He holds, however, that they have shown themselves unable to manage the crowd they have enrolled in the C.I.O.

In answer, possibly, to Mr. Knudsen's indictment, known to be shared by other employers, the executive board of the United Automobile Workers issued an order on June 18. The local unions were informed that the international union would not tolerate or support any stoppage of labor which had not been called under the provisions of Article 13 of the agreement. They were directed to discipline all officers and members found responsible for unauthorized stoppages, and were warned that should they fail to act, the international union would intervene, even to the extent of expulsion of offenders and the revocation of the local union's charter.

The next few weeks will test this order. A few expulsions will show whether the C.I.O. is to continue on a path of violence, which, as Hugh Johnson writes, will certainly alienate the public, without whose help no labor union can succeed, or to get back to a plane of thought which holds that contracts are not to be considered as schemes to help Communists to bore from within, but as pledges which must be sacredly respected. From a source which I have generally found reliable I get the information that Mr. Lewis is standing aghast at these recent cases of violence, wondering whether he can prevent their recurrence. It is somewhat difficult to picture Mr. Lewis standing aghast, whatever the catastrophe. But I hope that is his state, if it will convince him that a labor union may be either a constructive social factor or a destructive mob, and that he must immediately decide which of the two the C.I.O. is to be.

As Leo XIII wrote, rights must be religiously respected wherever they are found. No union which holds any action sanctioned by its leaders to be right and proper can do anything for its members except prepare them for the penitentiary. The union must realize that it has duties as well as rights. One of its duties is to uphold the authority of the law and of the courts, and another is to respect the contracts which it signs. Furthermore, if the Government proposes to punish employers who violate their contracts, it must also punish Mr. Lewis and his unions when these are guilty of practices equally unfair. I cannot be a respecter of persons.

There can be no place in a free government of free men for a union which proposes to achieve its ends by dishonor and injustice. If it appeals to the sword of violence, by the sword of the law it must be destroyed.

FOG OVER THE HIGH SCHOOL

PROBABLY New York is the only city in the country that honestly admits its possession of high schools that are not asked to prepare the pupil for college or for anything else. They simply look after him during certain hours of the day, like a cherishing mother who lavishes her tenderest care on the defective child. Other cities have similar schools, but they are veiled by euphonic titles. They may even be styled schools for "exceptional children." Of course, it is quite possible that these children are possessed of exceptional talents which we are too stupid to recognize.

Some weeks ago, the High School Teachers Association in New York urged upon the authorities a survey of the municipal high schools. The committee in charge reported that twenty-five years ago, the objectives of the high school were clearly defined. These were, usually, to prepare the pupil to enter college, or to give him a training that would fit him for a business career, or to get him ready for some type of technical work. The committee speaks for New York alone, but most of us, I think, will recognize the picture. In my own day, no boy went to high school except with the college in mind. Later on, the institution served many as a kind of junior college, but it was not until well on in the first decade of the century that the high school became a goal common to the majority of our boys and girls.

What might then have been expected to happen, did happen, just as it has happened to our colleges. Since most of these boys and girls were unfitted for secondary education, our ingenious school administrators devised an institution through which any boy or girl not half-witted could pass with a certain degree of credit. I forbear to call this institution a school. It has its merits, I suppose, but these can hardly be styled academic.

The New York teachers observe that all the schools register large groups of maladjusted students who seem utterly immune to intellectual growth, yet the law requires them to attend some school after the completion of the eighth grade. These boys and girls "retarded, and potential trouble-makers," must pass into the city's high schools. Confessedly, they are poor material. What can be done for them?

Perhaps the problem is more acute in New York, but it is troublesome everywhere. Up to the present the common solution has been to lower the standards in the hope, usually vain, that the level of the laziest and least gifted might be reached. The solution would be excellent, but it has the undeniable fault of solving nothing. Its chief and direct effect is to spoil the chances of the pupil who can and will work; next, it encourages the mass in habits of idleness; finally, far from solving the financial problems of secondary education, it increases them. Not only New York but the whole country needs a reconsideration of this stage in education.

JOHN WILTBYE.

IF WAR COMES WILL MOSCOW BE OUR ALLY

An argument for stricter neutrality provisions

M. J. HILLENBRAND

A REVISED and broadened neutrality bill recently came out of Congress, and has since been labeled everything from extreme isolationism to half-hearted straddling, been condemned as a probable failure either through excess or deficiency of contact with a seething world. But few people today doubt that we should keep out of the next great conflict; a plethora of horror books and "raw war" pictures has aroused an ordinarily lethargic public. We know that war doesn't pay, that it mangles and maims, knocks our economic system topsy-turvy, brings on moral decadence—and all the rest; yet Christian peace advocates seem to have overlooked one very cogent reason for staying out.

For whether we Catholics like to admit it or not, if the United States does get pulled into another war, under the trend of our foreign policy and international alignments it will be almost inevitably on the side of Soviet Russia. That simply means we will be aiding the very state which, in basic political and social philosophy, in violation of all human rights, in advocacy of atheism, looms as the foremost menace to civilization and Catholicism in the contemporary world. As I intend to show, that constitutes an easy method of committing national suicide, provides an additional motive why Catholics must work for American neutrality.

Here and there rise flurried discussions about the possibility of a just war in our time, but ethics does not guide modern unethical states. If war comes, it will be war, unmitigated and terrible—whether just or not; and the moralists will not be able to do very much about it. We may as well face the harsh facts.

Of course, one can envision all sorts of national groupings for the next conflict; and truly enough, the European alignment still fluctuates, though much nearer to crystallization than a year ago. But a realistic evaluation of factors operating today can only end in the conclusion that if we fight at all, we will fight *with* or *for* the Soviets. Let us see why.

If another Sarajevo incident, economic pressure, an insult to "national honor," or a dictator facing internal explosion should set Europe tearing at its own throat again—it is fairly evident that England will not fight her neighbor across the Channel, or

that Russia will not match her huge army against that of a Leftist-governed France, bound in alliance. Englishmen may not like Communism very much now, but if the crisis comes, a tremendously efficient propaganda machine will begin the apotheosis of Stalin for England and associates. A nation, which once accommodated its ideals to a Czarist government not even owning the meretricious working-class appeal of press-agented Sovietland, will not wince in another anomalous position.

Whether or not the so-called Rome-Berlin axis really means military alliance, national needs certainly will not put the Nazis on the side of France or Russia. With a line-up of static "haves" and dynamic "have nots," the cleft of interests is too deep and fundamental for rapprochement. That is why recent rumors of secret Soviet-Nazi understandings leave one cold, though as Gurian and other observers have noted, the ideology and methods of the two dictatorships come to resemble each other more and more. Germany could still sign a Potsdam Convention with Czarist Russia in 1911, but three years later war followed—brought on by more basic clashes of interest. As long as Hitler's Germany suffers economic strangulation, as long as fertile Ukrainian plains stretch invitingly, there is such a basic clash of interest.

While, of course, no one can draft precise blue prints of the future, the probable alignment of great powers when the time of crisis comes should be clear. As I shall indicate later, that time may never come, for the same reasons which would make our own entry into war suicidal.

But if Europe should explode, if by hook or by crook we get dragged in again, just what side are we likely to be on? You do not need more than one guess. The same powerful racial and cultural ties which helped keep us on England's side in 1917 still exist, heightened by other negative emotional factors which did not exist then. And though we have our neutrality bill eliminating entangling economic relationships, we cannot eliminate sympathies.

Aided by our own predisposed press, England will again hamstring American public opinion with its propaganda machine; and just as they have about the Spanish Nationalists, the usual assort-

ment of atrocity tales will spring up. We know the 1914-1917 era of lies and distortion will repeat itself, but in addition we start out today with a hatred of the Nazis, profound and almost universal, not existing in 1914, a sympathy in certain circles for the Bolsheviks which Tsarist autocracy could never elicit. Organized opposition to Fascism, partly justifiable of course, has swept America—unparalleled by a proportionate rise in opposition to Communism. Come a war, and watch the white-washers go to work. We will have Stalin in all his glory as leader of a great working-class democracy in the common fight against Fascism.

Take opinion in our own country. To which side if forced to choose, would the leading classes tend? Just where they tend today on the Spanish issue, on the side of the Red regime. Without playing the seer, an observing observer can call his shots on our present administration. For American liberals have been hoodwinked into preferring Communist tyranny to Fascist tyranny; and while there is not very much to choose between the two, it is certain that we would choose the system which Papal pronouncement has branded Catholicism's greatest enemy today.

Add to this diluted liberal trend of opinion, the growing strength of even more hoodwinked Leftist intellectuals and Left labor groups, which outside of a few bizarre trials hold Russia as model for future Utopias—and you have a pretty accurate index just where pressure will be exerted when war breaks out. Already the so-called pacifists lose all their peaceableness shouting for action against Franco, and Messrs. Bliven, Brooks, et al., warm up indignation for a verbal crusade.

So it looks as if we would be on the side of the Communists, against the Fascists, if we get in at all. And that would not mean simply fighting one evil on the side of another evil for, as Baldwin admitted, another war means the triumph of Marxism.

All participant nations by the time of peace—if any inhabitants are left—would find themselves economically ruined, torn by revolution and general chaos, ripe for Communist seizure of power. Wobbly as it has been lately, our own economic structure would collapse along with the rest; and the complacent optimists who laugh off any threat to "this great country" might be shocked by full-fledged upheaval. In a nation so completely secularized and proletarianized, so completely divorced from sense of private property as ours—given a great crisis and internal strain—home-bred Lenins and Trotskys could easily become flaming realities.

For some, war with Japan is another possibility, but the way international currents are flowing America would not fight her alone, but as the ally of Germany, perhaps Italy, with ourselves linked to Russia, England and the other "democracies." In any case we fight for the Soviets, implicitly or explicitly, by locking horns with her troublesome competitor in the Far East and opening the road to eventual communization of China.

Now the recently revised neutrality legislation is supposed to keep us out of war—any war—but specifically the European conflict threatening to-

day. Briefly, by putting an embargo on munition shipments to belligerents, on Presidential proclamation that a state of war exists; by banning belligerent loan flotations in this country; by adopting a "cash-and-carry" policy for trade with belligerents in permitted raw materials; by forbidding American vessels engaged in trade to arm; by giving the President power to refuse travel in belligerent vessels to nationals; and to stop all contributions to belligerents except those he designates as humanitarian aid—it tries to eliminate certain economic entanglements, which the Nye-Millis school holds primarily responsible for our 1917 action.

Already critics, and not merely those who condemn all such legislation as cowardly isolationism and ultimately futile anyway, have pointed out loopholes. Too much is left to the President's discretion. And "cash-and-carry" means that England, with her control of the seas, will bring all the cash and do all the carrying. That truth is an awkward creation of circumstances, but "cash-and-carry" policy or not, she would determine who gets the goods anyway. English diplomats can always invent "effective cordons" or other terminological niceties to mold the letter of international law.

But we are still allowed to send goods to neutral countries, often for trans-shipment; and all the legal squabbles, diplomatic tensions will still rise, which we had with the English in 1914-1917 over "conditional contraband" and "continuous voyages." Perhaps a glaring gap.

Or perhaps a gap which is really an exhaust valve. Perhaps by leaving room for trouble our legislators have done better than they know. May not the inevitable clash with Britain over neutral trade offset at least in part those other factors tending to drag us into war on her side, which of course means the Soviet side? Perhaps that is poor policy—to pin hope for neutrality on two streams of conflict neutralizing each other. Perhaps it will not work out that way at all. But it seems plausible, for with our abandonment of the "freedom of the seas" principle and those positive ties I have cited, we will not ever actually fight *against* Britain or Russia.

Of course Europe may not go to war; after all, the English ruling aristocracy, dictators and presidents in other countries do not want to give Communism a chance to get to work during post-war upheaval and economic collapse, if it can be helped. Once war begins, reason fades and ultimate fears are easily submerged in present exigencies. But as a previous deterrent, dread of Communism exercises a powerful negative psychological force on Europe's leaders.

The point is: war *can* break out in Europe today. If it does the alignment is fairly well established; and if we get involved, almost inevitably it will be on the side of Soviet Russia. And that is certainly not where we Catholics wish our country to be, purely from the point of "enlightened self-interest" and common sense—disregarding ethical and social aspects of war in general. That is something else to worry about in this time of crisis.

SPANISH PROPAGANDA IS NOT TRULY SPANISH

Madrid has learned its lesson from Moscow

ALBERT I. WHELAN

PRE-DEPRESSION tourists to Europe seldom visited Spain. Thousands of Americans went as far as the Spanish border. A few more courageous souls ventured across and devoted a day to charming San Sebastián.

A prospective American tourist usually arranged his trip through a traveling agency. The agent recounted the beauties of other parts of Europe; but of Spain he seemed to know nothing. No tourist bureau ever told you that more masterpieces of painting were in the Prado Museum of Madrid than in any one gallery of Europe; that the tapestries of the Escorial and the Royal Palace were alone worth the trip; that such Cathedrals as Burgos, Toledo and Seville were the finest examples of Gothic architecture one could find on the continent.

The explanation is that the Spaniard is essentially not a propagandist. He glories in his nation's past, but he is constitutionally too proud and aloof to be a good salesman.

With the outbreak of the Civil War Spanish news becomes front page matter. From Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona the American reader is made aware of the Spanish peninsula. A civil war is in progress which naturally supposes that there are two sides to the controversy. Yet we have learned little about the side that has won the battles.

From a small beginning in Spanish Morocco this Nationalist party has swept up from the South conquering all the territory in its path until it stood at the gates of Madrid. We heard nothing from our newspapers of its motives and objectives. On the contrary, dispatches informed us that it was a horde of African Moors and foreign mercenary troops, who threatened "democratic Spain."

These Moors and foreign legionaries must have been shot off almost to a man before the gates of Madrid, as little has been heard of them since. From then on German and Italian troops march on Malaga and only lately climaxed their victorious progress with the capture of "impregnable" Bilbao. No attempt has been made to explain how all this "conquered" territory is held in subjection. Yet one who knows anything at all about the indomitable pride and independence of the Spanish race realizes how fiercely it would oppose a foreign invader.

But the dispatches from Madrid, Valencia and

Barcelona go merrily onward. While churches, convents and public buildings are ruthlessly destroyed or turned into garages, while clerics, nuns and persons of opposing political affiliations are murdered, we are informed from Valencia that the greatest care is being exercised in salvaging all true works of art. Connoisseurs are at hand on every occasion whose duty it is to point out to the rescuers what is to be saved or consigned to the flames.

Meanwhile, foreign countries are flooded with literature and photographs of what "democratic Spain" is doing and suffering. Though no public religious service has been held in "Red" Spain since last August, the new publicity bureau through the agency of a reputable press association releases pictures of churchmen leading religious processions which bear the caption that Basque clerics are leading vast throngs to mass meetings to pray for victory over the "Fascist" forces of General Franco. Subsequent investigation has proven at least one of these photographs as that of a funeral procession taken previous to the Civil War.

Flaring headlines in our press recounted the ruthless demolition of Guernica allegedly caused by Nationalist air raids. Though immediately upon the entrance of Franco's troops into the city, news correspondents were invited to judge for themselves whether the havoc had been caused by the retreating Asturian anarchists or by air bombs, no retraction was made in American papers.

Confirmation that the dynamiting was the work of the defenders themselves now seems evident from their destruction of all bridges across the Nervion River in Bilbao. Had the Franco forces committed this atrocity, our press would not have had type large enough to record it properly.

From these observations this fact stands out conspicuously. For centuries Spain has been the least publicized of European nations. Her whole tradition and forthright character are diametrically opposed to fact falsification. This new lying propaganda, which originates in that part of Spain allied to and influenced by Soviet Russia, is of its very nature un-Spanish. It is the kind of insidious, subtle propaganda that people have associated with Moscow. The obvious inference is that Red Spain has learned its lesson from Russia.

WHY DO WE NEGLECT THE POOR MAN OF WEALTH

A challenge to the American layman

ELIZABETH LINCOLN

CONSTANTLY in the Catholic Press I am reading of the paucity of converts and I am as often reminded, by private appeal, oral and written, of the spiritual needs of the Carolina white or Negro; of the children of the Italian immigrant; of the remote farm colonies; of the American Indian; of ex-ministers; of the Filipinos; of the Puerto-Ricans; of the Chinese; of the Alaskans and of other groups considered as being somewhat neglected, and I often wonder why no great approach or apostolate seems to be planned specifically for the rich or comfortable non-Catholic business man in our great urban centres of Catholicity.

For many years my business has placed me in daily contact with non-Catholic business men, Christian or agnostic, the majority of whom are rich or comfortably well-off, for the most part college men and in many cases socially prominent; and I can recall no definite drive, apart from the general fine non-Catholic missions, (of which they never hear and which are largely attended by devout Catholics), with this group as its objective.

As I understand Christ's teaching, the rich as well as the poor have immortal souls. They also have two natures struggling against each other; and while money and position may, or should, give the advantage of mental discipline through formal education, first to know, then to choose what is right, the wealthy sometimes have not the moral and physical discipline which poverty or slender means make imperative. Many a poor man is virtuous merely from lack of money, and we are all familiar with the old saying that he could not stand prosperity.

About as often as I receive these various pleas for help for special groups I read a repetition of a fact well known to us: "The Communion rail is the most democratic institution in the world. Along it kneel millionaire and beggar, learned and illiterate, side by side." The Church is being constantly represented as the great leveler where prince and peasant, gentleman and uncouth are alike and where all are equally at home. I often wonder why this seemingly unimportant fact is so often and so strongly emphasized. He would be a queer God indeed who could create the entire human race and established the organization to carry-on God-like

works and yet limit participation in this Divine life to but a small group.

Why then is it considered a compliment to the Church to be called a "democratic institution," or why is that particular idea advanced so often when other more beautiful and more convincing arguments exist? As soon expatiate on the white quality of snow! Should every "democratic institution" cease to exist, the soul and human nature would be about as they have always been! And the Church, while responsive to man's uttermost needs, would be democratic in spirit, monarchical in structure and arrogant with the arrogance of Divinity in her negotiations.

It has been said that the doctrine of Christ appeals most readily to the very wise and to the very simple, as witness the Shepherds and the Magi at the Crib. However, I do not believe that it is intended only for such; and since our American business man cannot fit into either of these groups, his must be the most difficult of conversion and enlightenment, and this, perhaps, may explain why it is side-stepped. At Bethlehem there was no business man or merchant. He seems not to have fitted in, at least not readily; nor could an American salesman today fit into a civilization of aristocrats, scholars and peasants, such a society as greatly prevailed in the ages of faith. Yet his soul is infinitely precious. He can't be original, yet he does seem a new type, strictly and distinctly an American product: the grandchild of immigrants or pioneers, or the descendant of some old American family—shipbuilders, farmers, professional men or small business proprietors. He has some, or much money, and often a college degree. He is not English or Latin or even European, and a new approach and technique must be invented and mastered for him; and the unchangeable, eternal, supra-national truths of Catholicism must be presented to him in an American dress and by an approach that will attract him sufficiently to provoke interest in their message.

Perhaps, many of the rich, non-Catholic business men of today are snobbish, proud and but half-educated. Granted. But let that group which is without sin do the first casting. The Eskimo, the Moro headhunter and we poor American Catholics are full of sins and crimes and faults, yet when did

the Church abandon us? And we at least were not taught from perverted histories and distorted tradition, yet we sin and are disloyal though cradled, perhaps, in faith, heredity, discipline, environment and good example.

Why this is, is not my point. But I firmly believe that no one can interest a comfortably well-off American business man who knows nothing of the beauties of Catholic doctrine by stressing the democracy of the Communion rail where he and his butler are one. His intelligence knows that and he accepts the fact that we are all poor clay, that we are born, that we love, that we suffer, that we die—these are obvious—and that we are judged, should he believe in a God or a hereafter. But he has had as little urge for feeling one with his Catholic office boy and maid as they with him. I have heard good Catholic priests and lay-people sneer at the Social Register. I don't know why, as certainly the Scriptures are not indifferent to genealogy.

Is it not very human and very admirable to be proud of distinguished forbears whether martyrs, or signers of the Declaration of Independence, or courageous Mayflower passengers? And may not the refinements which wealth and good society make readily accessible be a basis for spiritual refinements as often as be the hypocritical veneer of a sinful and sordid nature, as is so often uncharitably indicated? Cannot the supernatural be erected more easily on a natural-virtue foundation?

I do not believe that it impresses any Catholic in the least that the Communion rail, any more than Baptism, is democratic. His impressions when he does meditate are reserved entirely for the Cause of the Communion rail and the exquisite intimate relationship between Christ and his own soul with its needs. Nor are the numberless non-Catholics I have in mind the least bit interested that they and their humblest servant have a common meeting ground. To Communists this may be a revelation, but I doubt even that, as I imagine that all modern religions offer all they may have to give to all members regardless of wealth or social standing.

Would that some apostle could only get over to our American men that a definite place in the Catholic Church awaits the man of means, the executive, the civic or the social leader, and that he may broaden or intensify whatever talent, or individuality, or genius for leadership he may possess.

An insolent English writer once said that no gentleman could possibly be a Catholic; and I wonder if he meant that gentlemen, even in the narrowest possible use of that word, came in with the Reformation! Our great and Catholic Church has room for all, even though we poor will always predominate. While the rich are invited, it will always delight us that Christ chose not a patrician of wealth, breeding and education to head His Church, but our own darling Saint Peter. But wealth does not seem to awe the Source of all Riches; nor is the Seat of Wisdom nor the Church which represents Christ's mind partial to illiteracy. It is the word of a man candidly boastful of his authority and, I imagine, a person of the wealth and position that would normally go with such authority

that we hear daily in the Mass: *Domine non sum dignus*, the words of a man of perhaps noble soldier ancestry of which he may have been very proud.

Is the Church reluctant about canonizing an Aquinas, an Augustine, an Aloysius or a Francis Borgia; and did coat-of-arms, silver spoon, valet or famous or infamous family render these rich men less dear than the poor whom Christ loved so much? I do not think so. There is room and desire for all in the capacious heart of the Church and any non-Catholic may keep his tastes, his liberties, his customs and his interests—short of sin—and not consider it necessary for inquiry into the Faith to enter the great leveling process so characteristic of the mass movements of today.

The normal person to introduce Catholicism and its way of life to the non-Catholic business man or clubman should be the Catholic-college graduate in the same profession, industry or club. He could prove that the non-Catholic gains and gives up nothing good of his traditional educational or social life except its decided errors of belief or practice; that we for 2,000 years have had place for pride of ancestry; place for the independence and loyalty of the wealthy man of principle; place for the exquisite and the courageously quixotic; for the most fastidious and graceful way of life as well as for the most common-sense and prosaic professional and business routine; that our spiritual life with its self-discipline and self-control is the perfect school for the thoroughbred; and that wealth and ability and family find proper rest when joined to the wealth and ability and tradition of the Catholic Church, the aristocrat of Christendom.

But where is the Catholic-cultured man of ability and punctilious business standards? Multiples of him must be somewhere but I rarely encounter him. After graduation the seminaries probably swallow the cream, so to speak. The remainder become politicians or baseball coaches, and some business and professional men trickle through; but not enough for the large number of non-Catholic executives to form daily contacts with them. A Joyce Kilmer, a Chesterton or in fact any good artist in the course of his work cannot escape the Catholic Church and her doctrine at least in part, and artists are not at all backward in talking of their souls, of their emotions, of beauty, of truth and of other grand things. But the average American business man is self-conscious, reticent and absolutely inarticulate about such matters and he could live forever and normally not encounter Catholic dogma or Catholic beauty or Catholic culture except through his fellow-associates.

Few, indeed, are they who will read themselves into the Church as did a recent Wall Street convert. Yet the business man's soul is as valuable and as precious as the Chinese coolie's and his ignorance of Catholic doctrine and of the Catholic way of life may be almost as profound through inherited bias and faulty instruction. What is to be done for him I leave to those competent and interested, but my observation is that he is utterly neglected as a potential Catholic and as a creature with an immortal soul.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

BASQUE CONSERVATISM FOUND STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

THE reception given by the inhabitants of Bilbao to the first of General Franco's troops to enter the city, as well as to the press correspondents, seems to indicate that the Basques were desperately tired of the Communist-Anarchist regime. The regime itself saved its skin as the Basque defense committee of four fled the city at dawn. According to the A. P. dispatch of June 19, the people of the city had lost 10,000 killed and wounded; while last-minute executions and street killings swelled the death list. A Basque battalion, which had refused to flee to Santander with the crowd, routed the few hundred Asturians who were in control in the early morning and had started blowing up the bridges. The battalion moved against the Asturians, herded them on the outskirts of the city and by dawn had cleared out the last group of dynamiters.

Hours after the Insurgents moved in, thousands of soldiers, men, women and children jammed the streets singing and cheering. School children told the correspondents that they were thankful they would no longer have to present food cards to obtain small rations of rice, black beans and bread, and no longer be controlled by Communist or Socialist committees.

What will be the Basques' thoughts, as they come to their senses and review the strange course of events that led them to their present plight?

There was one very famous Basque, named Don Iñigo de Loyola, who advised people if they wished to make their peace with God and obtain the "true life"—*la vida verdadera*—to act cautiously when the Holy Spirit favored them with sublime inspirations. After the "time" of such an inspiration there is apt to be a "time following, in which the soul remains fervent and feels the remains of the Divine favor and consolation lately received." But "in this second period it often happens that by its own thoughts, in accordance with its habits, and in consequence of its own conceptions and judgments, or by the suggestion of the good or evil spirit, it [the soul] forms various resolutions and plans, which are not inspired immediately by God our Lord."

Indeed, said Don Iñigo, it can well happen that the evil spirit, beginning by suggesting good and holy thoughts, "little by little contrives to gain his own end, drawing the soul on to his hidden deceits and perverse intentions." When that has happened, he says, it is good to examine the course of our thoughts and note their sequence, to recognize the "serpent's tail," and so be on guard for the future.

According to the French academician, Gaëtan de Bernoville, who has Basque blood in his veins

and knows the Seven Provinces in France and in Spain like a book, when Don Carlos, who had been the Basques' last hope, was finally defeated, he "carried into exile, in the folds of his conquered banner, the last traditional liberties of the Basque countries." The serpent's tail began to make its appearance with the Basque nationalist movement, which began thirty years ago with Sabino Arana Goiri. It was then that this devotion to ancient traditions of local patriotism, of religion, home and the customs, passionately maintained against the rigid uniformity imposed by the regime of King Alphonsus, took on a doctrinaire character which eventually lent itself to the blandishments of Indalecio Prieto, subtle Socialist, Basque without the Basque religious faith, and to the fatal flirtation with the Popular Front.

There has been no end of astonishment, on the part of Catholics of other nations, not to speak of Spain itself, at the strange spectacle of an alliance—whatever be the provocation—between the forces of revolution and a people for the greater part as religious and as intensely conservative as can be found in the world.

How was it possible, asks Bernoville, that such splendid Christians, with such exemplary moral character, such devoted champions of religion, of family, of property, were unable to rise above their own fears and jealousies, and see beyond the autonomist cause? Yet their conservatism betrayed them.

Whatever current opinion may hold, there is no essential alliance between Catholicism and conservatism any more than between Catholicism and social change. Identification with the one or the other is accidental—something determined by the circumstances of the moment. Christianity is conservative when long-standing Christian institutions are threatened; it is an innovator when they are to be established or renewed.

M. Bernoville shows that the very conservatism of the Basques was what got them into trouble in a spiritual sense and landed them on the wrong side of the fence. Extremes have a curious way of meeting, in the social and political, as well as in the religious world. The race or community that is wholly unadaptable is by no means immune to the wiles of the agitator, if he can play upon the right chord. From local spirit to class spirit, from class spirit to class warfare, is not such a difficult transition. I know of a Polish congregation that threatened schism because their pastor—after the liturgical changes introduced by Pius X—no longer moved the book for the Last Gospel on Sunday. Don Iñigo knew his people well, as he knew himself well. And in his teaching the true balance between progress and conservatism can only be struck when we listen to the voice of the Universal Church.

JOHN LAFARGE

HEROD IN THE TYROL

TRAVELERS in the Bavarian Alps will remember the schoolhouses on the mountainsides and in the valleys of that lovely country. They are always surmounted by a cross, and usually their outer walls are decorated with frescoes depicting Our Lord and His holy Mother. Sometimes the subject is the patron Saint of the locality, or some cheerful scene from the Gospels. To the critic, with an eye dimmed by the soot of Cincinnati or the fogs of New York, the coloring may appear too unrestrained, the treatment of sacred subjects more familiar than his Puritanic soul can sanction. But here popular art mirrors the soul of a people, and the soul of South Bavaria is bright and joyous because it is thoroughly Catholic.

There is sadness on these hillsides and in these secluded valleys today. Hitler has closed the Catholic schools, sanctuaries scarcely less sacred than the churches reared by Bavarian faith and piety. Is there no limit not to be broken down by this Herodian dog? After insulting the Bavarians by a fraudulent election which purported to reveal that nearly one hundred per cent of these intensely Catholic people wished to entrust their children to anti-Catholic schools, he issues an order which will go through the Tyrol like the murderers unleashed by Herod. But one feels that some injustice is done the Jewish tyrant whose minions massacred babies and threw the little corpses into the street. They did not attempt to corrupt the souls of innocent children. That base infamy was left for Hitler and his satellites.

It can hardly be said that what Hitler has done was unexpected. Ever since this madman began his reign of tyranny, Catholic schools have been systematically penalized, for an onslaught on Catholic education is the favorite device of every tyrant. He realizes its fundamental importance, even if weak-kneed titular Catholics in the United States do not. He knows that if he is to impress upon the coming generation a lasting concept of his omnipotence he must first remove from the heart of the child the concept of God's omnipotence. He is certain that as long as the Catholic school is permitted to instil into its pupils Christian ideals of morality, there will be no room in their hearts for his ideals borrowed from the abattoirs of vice. History bears witness that while the tyrant may tolerate Catholic places of worship, he will not long tolerate schools in which children are taught the principles of religion and of morality. In plotting to kill their souls, he out-Herods Herod.

Hitler may suppress the Catholic schools in Bavaria—for a time. He may indoctrinate some young souls with the poison of his immoral ideals in religion and in government. But we do not believe that he can kill the soul of Catholic Germany. The long line of men who persecuted the Church in her schools have gone to their place, but the Church still lives, and from Heaven the Holy Innocents can stay the bloody hands of this new and more flagitious Herod.

EDITOR

A NEW AMENDMENT

UNDER the so-called "child-labor" Amendment, Congress would be authorized to "regulate" the employment of all persons under eighteen years of age. That authorization opens the door to grave abuses. The new Amendment, proposed by Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, gives Congress no power to regulate, but permits it to forbid the employment for hire of children not yet sixteen years old. Since Congress needs no new power to enable it, acting with the States, to destroy what little remains of objectionable child labor, this Amendment, while moderate in its scope, is superfluous.

ANARCHICAL LABO

WE cannot escape the conclusion that much power has made some of our labor leaders mad. A reflection of that madness is found in the attitude of the Federal Government toward the strikers, and of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The strikers at Johnstown were a minority. The men who wished to earn their bread by continuing at work were a decided majority. Yet the President advises these workers to forfeit their pay by ceasing to work, and not to be outdone by the Chief Executive the Governor of Pennsylvania closed the mills.

We are perfectly aware of the motives of these officials. They wished to prevent what they feared would be a bloody encounter when the men who wanted to work and who needed their jobs, tried to enter the mills. But it seems to us that what they did turns justice and good order upside down. It means, practically, that the worker's job is at the mercy of any mob strong enough to take it away from him. The Johnstown mob was not powerful enough for that, and knew it. But it was invincible after the Federal Government and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania reinforced it.

Attacks on the Supreme Court and the Constitution, led by responsible officials in the Government, and an exaggerated view of the franchises conferred by the Wagner Act, are responsible for much of the labor disorder of 1937. Nearly twenty years ago Sam Gompers, of the A. F. L., breathed the prayer, "God save labor from the courts," and expressed the creed that the law should not provide penalties

JULY 4, 1776

LAW AND RELIGION

MUCH vigor is displayed in these days in proposing social legislation. That is a healthy symptom, at least to the extent that it shows an awakening realization of certain social and economic evils flourishing in this country. But if this activity is prompted by the conviction that these disorders can be extirpated by a vote of the legislature, disillusionment will follow and the temporarily checked evils will spring up redoubled. The evil that men do comes from the evil in their hearts, and that evil cannot be rooted out by law. Here we need the effective forces of religion.

AL LABOR LEADERS

against lawless labor unions, but leave them to the restraints to be imposed solely by themselves. In March, 1936, the Secretary of Labor re-affirmed this creed when, speaking before the American Academy of Political Science, she said that the obligations of labor should be defined by labor itself, not by law, and that "such discipline as is necessary should be self-imposed and not imposed from without."

Holding to the spirit of this creed, the Wagner Act, admirable in many of its purposes, affirms no right for an employer, and imposes no obligations on a labor union. It has much to say about unfair labor practices, but only as the employer may be guilty. It does not conceive the possibility that a union may not always be officered by archangels, that its every member may not be a paragon of virtue, that unions may be guilty not only of unfairness but of the most shocking injustices—or if the possibility were conceived, it was set aside for the concept that the labor union should be governed not by the civil law, but by self-imposed law.

No industrial peace can be established by a one-sided law. Such legislation is not a rule of reason, but a riot of unreason. We are all for the rights of labor, protected when necessary by the full force of the Government, and we were thus long before John L. Lewis began to make a good living by organizing unions. Rights connote duties, and if labor wishes its rights to be respected, it must realize its duties. We have full faith in the American wage-earner, but not much in his C.I.O. leaders.

AFTER a century and three-score years, the Government which traces its rise to the Declaration of Independence takes away from us about one-third of every dollar we earn. It claims its third from the honest dollar of John Smith and the slimy dollar of Al Capone; from the dollar that represents the toil of an upright man, and from the dollar that is the price of blood, or of woman's virtue. Between sinner and Saint it makes no distinction, but demands from all an imperative third.

In the realization that dollars are not the chief end of man, we dismiss the theme. Turning to another, we may observe that this Government founded on the doctrine that man holds certain rights independently of any civil authority is favoring modes of action which, if carried to their natural conclusions, invade God-given rights as well as hard-won dollars. In the strong but justified language of Charles H. McIlwain, retiring president of the American Historical Association, spoken last week at Williams, we are "slowly but surely drifting toward a totalitarian state."

Now under the totalitarian state, no man has any rights which the Government is bound to reverence and protect. Man is the pawn, the tool, the slave, of the faction that is in control. The philosophy of totalitarianism holds that no man can claim a right by reason of the fact that he is a human being, or allege that a right is his inalienably because it has been conferred upon him by his Creator. At best, he can merely exercise concessions made for the time to the weak by the strong. The totalitarian state does not exist to serve man, but man exists solely to serve it. It does not elevate man, but exploits him.

But to the Government established by our fathers, this totalitarianism is anathema. The humblest citizen may plead his rights against the most powerful official and against the Government itself. The fundamental law, the Constitution, imposes a check not upon the citizen but upon the Government. It enumerates grants of power, but it emphasizes the limitations upon this power. The Constitution makes these limitations a bulwark of defense for the rights of every man, and affords him sure redress should the Government attempt usurpation.

These constitutional guarantees are vindicated and enforced chiefly by the courts and, in particular, by the highest and most powerful tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States. The courts were not organized to register the decrees of a totalitarian state and to enforce them against the citizen. They will protect the rights of the Government and support its every proper function, but the supreme work of the judicial branch is to protect the citizen against encroachment by the Government upon the rights which are his by his very nature, and upon personal activities necessarily connected with them. To attack the judicial power of the United States, to belittle it in the eyes of the public, to discuss it captiously, magnifying its

few faults and suppressing all mention of its many battles in defense of the citizen, tends to create an unsound public opinion which ambitious men can use, and are now using, to transform this Government into a totalitarian state.

That is why every attack made by a Federal official upon the Supreme Court of the United States has been applauded by Moscow. Here we see why every Communistic publication in the United States has drawn upon its deep reserves of mendacity and deceit to expand the shameful accusations made by self-seeking politicians upon the Supreme Court. We now know why the chief aim of every Communist who bores into a labor union is to incite its members to violate the law and to treat with insolence and contempt the courts which would restrain them. If these practices are not speedily checked, our oldest citizens will end the brief tale of years or months that remains to them under a totalitarian state.

One source of hope is found in the Senate report which brilliantly and solidly defended the Supreme Court against the mean but dangerous attacks of its enemies in the Government. But the battle is not ended. Well may every Catholic, every American, go down on his knees on July 4, begging the God of our fathers to preserve for us the Government which under His gracious favor they have founded.

CIVIL SERVICE AND C. I. O.

SOME day the Government may be a model for all employers. At present, although high Federal officials usually outdo themselves when descanting on the iniquities of private employers, a majority of Federal civil-service employees are overworked and underpaid. Political appointees, of course, fare well, even sumptuously. As conditions are at present, the ward-heeler is the Government's favorite.

A measure of reform may be hastened by the announcement that John L. Lewis has commissioned Jacob Baker to form the Federal employees into a C.I.O. unit. An associate of Harry Hopkins in the Works Progress Administration, Mr. Baker is otherwise unknown to fame. But considering the power that appointed him as well as his present work, we cannot help associating him with the fable about the sheep who were induced to turn off their faithful old watch dogs and replace them by wolves.

One interesting feature of the proposed union is the provision forbidding its members to picket or to strike. Mr. Lewis has spoken winged words of late on the sacredness of the right to picket and strike. It seems, however, that what is sacred in the brawny steel puddler will be considered very very naughty in the little Government stenographer.

What Mr. Lewis wants here is, of course, more political power. We wish that Congress would set him back on his heels by creating an efficient civil-service system. In that case the causes that can justify the strike, even by Government employees, would be eliminated.

FALSE PROPHETS

IT has been observed by a cynic that pious persons are commonly given to two faults. First, they eat too much. Next, they are unkind, especially to those whom they deem to be less spiritual than themselves. "I am terrified when I hear you in the pulpit," a French king once remarked to a famous court preacher, "but I am reassured when I see you at table."

If there be truth in these criticisms, let the pious take heed. The rest of us who know that we are not pious, and also know that we ought to be, may read the Gospel (Saint Matthew, vii, 15-21) for tomorrow. Our Lord begins by warning us against false prophets, then He speaks of the fruits of a good and a bad life, and He concludes by telling us who shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. The connection between the second and third sections is obvious. But in these days, why talk about "false prophets"?

The warning is still needed, for every age has its false prophets. A prophet is one who interprets. He may also foretell the immediate future, or work marvels, in testimony of his character, but his prime mission is that of an interpreter. In the days of the synagogue God raised up men from time to time who interpreted to the people the law of God and taught them what was His will. Moved by mercenary motives, evil men would occasionally proclaim themselves prophets, and to gather a following they would make the most extravagant forecasts and stage false miracles. The punishment provided for them was death, since, as we know from many passages of the Old Testament, the evils which they caused were very grave.

Today, our true prophets are those whom Almighty God has commissioned to teach us, primarily, the Vicar of Christ, and then our Bishops, priests, and others whom the Holy Father authorizes. The false prophets are all who either in an assumed religious role, or in the State, or as university heads, professors, writers of books and plays, teach a doctrine which differs from that revealed by Almighty God and entrusted to the Church. A false prophet is necessarily a gaunt man, oddly attired, who preaches on street-corners. He may be a very cultured gentleman, an eloquent orator, a learned philosopher. More to a practical point, the false prophet may be one of those pet weaknesses which we carefully nurture; a bent for boasting which we use to parade our greatness, or a talent for wit and sarcasm, invoked to show our general superiority over poor old slow-witted Bill Smith.

Faults which lead to pride and uncharitableness are surely false prophets. Of course, our true prophets must labor earnestly to expose the false prophets who govern states, teach in our universities, write books, and foster immorality through the stage and the moving-picture. But for most of us perhaps the real danger comes from the false prophets whose home is our own hearts. We shall not be guilty of uncharitableness, if we take them outside the city and stone them.

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. June 17, a possible return to two-cent postage was hinted at by members of a House Postoffice sub-committee. . . . June 21, Administration forces in the Senate defeated efforts to restrict expenditure under the \$1,500,000,000 Relief Bill. The Robinson amendment, requiring local districts to pay twenty-five per cent of WPA projects, the Byrnes amendment calling on the local communities to pay forty per cent, were both defeated. For the first time since Mr. Roosevelt became President, Democratic leaders in the Senate refused to go along with him. Lined up against the President on this measure were Senators Robinson, majority leader, Harrison, Pittman, others. Senator Glass charged the public debt was nearer forty billions than thirty-six. . . . June 21, a new child-labor amendment, offered by Senator Vandenberg, reached the Senate floor. It substitutes for the pending amendment so often rejected by numerous States. The new amendment would apply only to children employed "for hire," with an age limit of sixteen instead of eighteen. It would not give Congress power to "regulate" child labor. . . . June 21, the Senate Judiciary Committee approved the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill. . . . June 22, the House passed the Sumners bill, providing for an additional method of trying impeachment charges against Federal district judges.

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THE PRESIDENT. June 23, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania announced he would support Mr. Roosevelt for a third term. John L. Lewis was reported to be advocating the third-term idea. James A. Farley was not discouraging it, according to these reports. . . . Premier Paul Van Zeeland, of Belgium, was a guest at the White House, held long conversations with the President on economic and peace questions. Premier Van Zeeland, who is engaged on exploratory work for England, France and other countries, will, according to European reports, endeavor to have the United States deposit large amounts in the World Bank in Switzerland. This bank will then lend the money to the European countries. Under the Johnson Act, defaulting nations cannot get any more American money directly until they pay what they owe.

— — —

THE STRIKES. Into the steel strikes spread over seven States stepped the Federal Government, June 17, when President Roosevelt, through Secretary Perkins, appointed a Federal Steel Mediation Board, composed of Charles P. Taft, 2d, son of the late President; Lloyd K. Garrison, former chairman of the National Labor Relations Board; and Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. . . . June 19, James E. Musgrove, steel worker, of Warren,

Ohio, testified before the Senate Postoffice Committee that he was stripped of his clothing, covered with grease, paraded before C.I.O. pickets near the Republic Steel Company plant, because he was trying to enter to go to work. . . . Testimony was presented to the same committee tending to show that C.I.O. pickets examined United States mail, decided what could be delivered and what could not. . . . June 19, two were killed, twenty-six persons injured in a clash between police and pickets at the Republic Steel Corporation plant in Youngstown, Ohio. . . . June 20, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, ordered his State troopers to blockade the Johnstown plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, so that neither workers, food or other supplies would be permitted to pass. The press of the nation condemned Governor Earle for this action. The consensus of opinion appeared to be that the C.I.O. strike in Johnstown was a complete failure and that the Governor's action was a lifeline thrown to John L. Lewis. . . . A citizens' committee of Johnstown appealed to the United States Senate for an investigation, announced a drive on a nation-wide scale to raise funds to fight "the greatest invasion of workers' rights ever attempted in this country." The committee maintained the majority of workers desired to work, were prevented by the Earle troopers. . . . In Ohio, June 22, Governor Martin L. Davey ordered National Guard troops to Youngstown, commanded that the plants of the Republic Steel Corporation, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company stay closed. President Roosevelt had wired appeals to these organizations not to reopen. . . . The course of President Roosevelt, as well as that of Governors Earle and Murphy of Michigan, was denounced in both houses of Congress, June 22. Senator Bailey declared Earle took sides not with the workers who were at work but with "an organization which was trying to keep them from working." . . . At Warren, Ohio, June 21, strike pickets ignored a court order calling for them to lay down their arms. . . . Efforts of the Federal Steel Mediation Board to settle the seven-State strike met with no success. The Republic Steel Corporation refused to make a written or oral agreement with the C.I.O., alleging the C.I.O. was utterly irresponsible. . . . In Philadelphia, strikers held a hosiery plant despite a Federal court injunction. . . . In Pittsburgh, three newspapers suspended publication when mailers struck in violation of their union contracts. . . . June 23, C.I.O. called a "labor holiday" in Warren and Niles, Ohio, to protest against Sheriff Roy Hardmann's decision to enforce a court injunction restraining strikers from interfering with workers going into and out of plants. . . . June 23, warrants were issued for six pickets charged with interfering with delivery of United States mail in Warren and Youngstown.

AT HOME. Appearing before the Joint Congressional Committee investigating tax dodging, Secretary Morgenthau, June 17, declared one common characteristic ran through all the devices. This characteristic is "the creation of a multiple personality in the taxpayer . . . he ceases to be a single individual and becomes a whole group of people, some of whom are earning money while others are losing it." June 18, the Treasury Department named seven men, who, it said, employed devices such as foreign corporations to avoid or reduce income taxes. . . . June 20, the United States Employment service reported a marked gain in private jobs for May. For the first time since November, 1935, the number of those employed on Federal work relief fell below 2,000,000.

NON-INTERVENTION COMMITTEE. June 23, Germany and Italy withdrew their warships from the international patrol, following disagreement between members of the four-Power pact. Germany maintained a Leftist submarine had either attempted to torpedo the cruiser Leipzig, or attempted to ram it. The Reich demanded that effective measures be taken by the four Powers to impress Valencia. A naval display before Valencia was one of the suggestions. England and France refused to participate, asking that time be allowed to permit them to ascertain whether the Reds really intended to sink the German ship. . . . More German warships were being concentrated off the coast of Spain. . . . Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister, canceled his projected visit to London.

GERMANY. June 20, the Nazi regime announced the suppression of all Catholic public schools in Bavaria. Adolph Wagner, Bavarian Minister of the Interior, ordered transformation of 966 parochial schools into secular institutions. . . . June 21, Nazis celebrated the pagan ceremony of the Summer solstice. . . . Dr. Goebbels said there were too many churches in Germany. . . . Half the members of the governing council of the Prussian Confessional Synod were arrested, the rest were hiding from the secret police.

SPAIN. President José Antonio Aguirre announced previously he would defend Bilbao to the death. Then he changed his mind and fled. June 19, Nationalist troops poured into Bilbao, added it to the territory governed by General Franco. The retreating Reds blew up the five bridges over the river which pierces the city, but otherwise very little damage was to be seen. The Basque population cheered the Nationalist legions, appeared jubilant. Socialist and Communist committees have been acting tyrannically, regimenting Basque lives. . . . Many of the Franco troops continued on toward Santander, forty-five miles to the West, the next objective of the Nationalists. . . . The Red Government reported an espionage plot had been discovered in Madrid, many of the suspects being high army offi-

cers wearing the Leftist uniform but working for Franco.

FRANCE. June 21, Premier Leon Blum's Cabinet resigned, after the Senate had twice refused to give it dictatorial fiscal powers. Camille Chautemps, Radical Socialist, June 22, completed formation of a new Popular Front Cabinet, in which Mr. Blum will be Vice Premier. Georges Bonnet will resign as ambassador to the United States and become Minister of Finance. Yvon Delboe remains head of the Foreign Office. . . . June 18, Gaston Doumergue, former President of France, died.

RUSSIA. At 5.05 P.M., Pacific time, June 17, three Russian aviators left Moscow on a projected non-stop flight to San Francisco. They flew over the North Pole, through Canada, Alaska, finally landed at Vancouver, Wash., 8.22 A.M., Pacific time, June 20. Their flying time was 63 hours, 17 minutes. They covered 5,288 miles, somewhat short of the record. . . . The colossal witch hunt continued throughout Russia. Waves of arrests for sabotage and espionage continued. People anxious to satisfy personal grudges were denouncing others as saboteurs or spies. No one knows whom to trust. "There are no friends in Russia," was a statement widely heard. One of the most dangerous spots for Communists today is Russia. Prosecutor A. J. Vyshinsky hinted at a new series of "treason" trials. . . . Seven officials of the locomotive shop in Tashkent, Russian Turkestan, were tried. Virtually the entire higher command of Osoaviakhim, the organization which trains reserves for the Red Army, were discharged. The Soviet press continued reporting alarming disorganization in key industries. Simple necessities, such as thread, were unobtainable. Shortages in the supply of shoes, clothing and other products were revealed. The increase of truancy among workers was destroying industrial discipline. . . . The chiefs of the Uzbekistan Soviet Republic were removed from office.

FOOTNOTES. Japan refused to limit herself to fourteen-inch guns on warships, retained liberty to use sixteen-inch. . . . The Chaco trouble in South America threatened again. The Paraguayan army refused to vacate territory in accordance with peace conference ruling. . . . June 17, full constitutional rights were restored to Brazil's 47,000,000 people after a nineteen-month state of war. . . . June 21, Dublin welcomed the Irish Brigade of General Owen O'Duffy, back from the Spanish wars. . . . June 20, Pope Pius presided over a special meeting attended by eleven Cardinals, to discuss the religious situation in Germany. . . . In Tabasco, Mexico, nine persons were killed, June 23, as police arrested Catholics for attending Mass. June 23, President Cárdenas announced the Government would expropriate the National Railways. . . . June 23, Premier Hendryk Colijn of the Netherlands completed formation of a Catholic-Calvinist cabinet.

CORRESPONDENCE

BELL FOR CAT

EDITOR: The great Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* is rightly recognized by most Catholics as the basis by which all striving for social justice should be judged. Yet there is one paragraph contained therein which is quoted very little, and yet which seems to me to be one of the most important.

Pius XI first states that "immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few," and these few are frequently only trustees of invested funds. Then the Holy Father goes on to say:

This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production so that no one dare breathe against their will.

Strong phrase that is—"particularly irresistible." Irresistible would mean that this financial domination could not be resisted. Particularly irresistible must mean that it is absolutely impossible to successfully resist this power when held by those who are able to govern credit and its allotment because they hold and control money. If, as the Pontiff states, this power is particularly irresistible because those who wield it hold and control money, there is only one conclusion I can logically draw therefrom. That conclusion is that the holding and control of money must be taken from the hands of the financial despots.

Private interests in our nation *do* hold and control money; consequently this quotation *does* apply to us. Yet outside of Father Coughlin, Gertrude M. Coogan and a few others, I hardly hear the mention of money among those who are engaged in trying to apply the Encyclical to local conditions. Why the silence on this important subject?

Omaha, Neb.

NICHOLAS H. RIEMAN

UNITY

EDITOR: The recent appointment of Dr. Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, as President of Catholic Action for England, Scotland and Wales, would seem to indicate that the Church sees the need for the unification of Catholic Action to a degree which other days did not require.

The Holy Father has plainly pointed out that the issue of today is "For God or against God," and that this issue is world wide. The direct impact of the forces of light and of darkness is, perhaps, not yet so marked in America as it is in other countries, but the leaders of world Bolshevism hope and believe that our turn will one day come.

In unity among men for natural ends there is strength. How much more strength is to be found in the Divine unity of the Cross, the unity of the children of God in one Lord, one Faith and one Baptism! We in America should now march toward a higher realization of this Catholic unity in prayer, action and sacrifice. Such a union of minds and of forces in union with the mind of Christ and His Church is the basis of any effectual resistance to the destructive efforts of the powerful forces of anti-Christ.

Brookline, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

EYEWITNESS

EDITOR: Catholics must realize that they have a responsibility towards their fellow-Catholics in Spain, and I know from personal experience there that the best way to ensure a solidly Catholic Spain is to assure the Nationalists of Catholic sympathy. The retort to this, always flung at one, is that if we do that and the Leftists win the Catholics will be put in a terrible position. We needn't worry. There will be no Church problems under a victorious Left Spain because there will be no Church. There is not a soul on either side who would not tell you the same, and anyone who reads the Red daily press reads things like the following, a speech by Pepe Diaz at Valencia: "Where we dominate in Spain the Church does not exist and will never exist again because the arms are in the hands of the right people." When you oppose that to Franco's statement, unwittingly published the same day at Salamanca, "Spain has been, is and must remain a Catholic Christian nation," there doesn't seem to be any doubt as to which side the Catholics and the Communists must rally.

Naturally the Reds aren't all perfect Communists nor the Nationalists perfect Catholics, because they happen to be men. But I have seen the fullest flowering of the Communist doctrines of hate and class war on one side and that of the Christian doctrines of love and fraternity on the other. Most of the combatants are ordinary Catholics on one side and ordinary Communists on the other, but the Cross is seen only on one side and the hammer and the sickle only on the other. The only important issue of what is going to happen to Spain if one or the other side wins is completely ignored. The blame for the war will never be pinned down, examined and labeled because it is too complex a question. It is certain, however, that every Spaniard born during the past hundred years is to blame. But the past is past and we can do nothing about it. It's the future that counts, and we can do something about that.

Ireland

AILEEN O'BRIEN

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SISTER MADELEVA, HERSELF AND HER POETRY

NORBERT ENGELS

TO know Sister M. Madeleva's poetry is in itself a real pleasure, but to know Sister Madeleva herself is even better. Hers is one body of poetry, at least, that is a true reflection of the character of its author; she is her poetry, her poetry is she; they are one and inseparable. My own acquaintanceship with her began a few years ago when she was made president of Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, after having served in a similar capacity at St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch College, Salt Lake City, Utah. Since then I have come to know her well as the inspiration of our local Catholic poetry club.

And so, to those who have not yet enjoyed the privilege of Sister Madeleva's acquaintance and friendship I want to introduce her as a woman of simple and unaffected charm, fifty years old on May 24, 1937 (she takes no pains to conceal her age, though her face belies this much, at least, of her biography). She loves old books and knick-knacks and birds and wild flowers; likes to hike, and climb mountains; is an enthusiastic medievalist; will take a hand at a lathe or a hand-saw (though I must confess to some nervousness on my part when she tackles the latter, and sometimes have the horrible picture in my imagination of poetic fingers being added to the flying chips and sawdust). She has wandered over much of the world, visiting and writing about the Holy Land, studying and lecturing at Oxford, snooping around old cathedrals in Provence and Italy, buying little wooden cut-outs of Chaucer & Co. at Canterbury, and taking degrees which range from her B.A. at St. Mary's College and M.A. at Notre Dame, to her Ph.D. at the University of California. She delights in good company and conversation, and treasures innumerable anecdotes of interesting people she has met and famous people she has known. She has a keen sense of poetic criticism which is backed up by genuine scholarship and does not depend upon taste alone. In fact she possesses such numerous and varied interests and abilities that it becomes difficult to include them all.

Sister Madeleva, whose secular name is Mary Evaline Wolff, was born in Cumberland, Wisconsin,

not far from the birthplace of Charles Phillips, whom she knew well. Besides those schools previously mentioned, she studied for a time at the University of Wisconsin. She is a member of many professional societies, including the Medieval Academy of America, Modern Language Association of America, Catholic Poetry Society of both London and America, English Association, and the National Catholic Educational Association. She has been a teacher and professor of English for twenty-five years, a lecturer in Canada, the United States and England, and has gained international reputation as our foremost Catholic woman poet. When G. K. Chesterton came to Notre Dame a few years ago I heard him say that Sister Madeleva's poetry is the only poetry of a modern woman that had the power to stir him within, that had the fire and spirit of a real poetic nature and inspiration.

Her published volumes include *Knights Errant and other Poems* (1923), *Chaucer's Nuns and other Essays* (1925), *The Pearl—a Study in Spiritual Dryness* (1925), *Penelope and other Poems* (1927), *A Question of Lovers and Other Poems* (1935), and *Ballad of the Happy Christmas Wind* (1936).

My acquaintanceship with Sister Madeleva's poetry began, as I recall, when I read her poignant *Questions on a Nun's Habit* in the *Commonweal*, 1927. It is the first poem of a trilogy entitled *Concerning Certain Matters of Dress*, the other two being *Of Crowns* and *Jewelry*. In the first she says:

Of all the dozen gowns I ever wore
And have abandoned, orchid and shadow-gray and
powder-blue,

This is the only one that you need envy me.

The other two end similarly:

But for my Lover Lord, divinely glad
I doff the shining crown that was my hair.

and:

Beads are the only jewelry I wear.

There is a real passion, unescapable, frequently mystical, always understanding, in her lines about children. It is a vitally human cry she utters, yet one that is translated into terms of Divine love, and one that has its source in that ascetic conception of motherhood so inseparably identified with Christ and His Virgin Mother. Consider, for

an illustration, the eloquent sestet to a sonnet called *The Just Man*:

It is not bitterness will break my heart,
But this: a mother's smile, a Babe's weak cry,
A little cheek to stroke, a hand to kiss!
Ah! I could push the stars of heaven apart,
And dare the awe-full face of God most high
For strength to bear such ecstasy as this!

and for another, these lines from *To Swing You*:

And I watch you, lovely flying thing,
A sweet, bright bird of a child on wing,
With eyes all shining and lips apart!
On a sudden I catch you to my heart.

while more restrainedly, more mystically she writes in *Seat of Wisdom*:

Content and spaciouly has lain within my womb,
The one inn of the world that gave Him room,
Christ; and this chaste and sure retreat
Is Wisdom's holy seat.

I agree with Joseph Moncure who wrote in the New York *Evening Post* that Sister Madeleva's poetry is "erotic to an astonishing degree . . . untempered by sophistication . . ." and added that it has "besides its passionate qualities, a spiritual aloofness which brings it around the circle again into utter chasteness." This mystical conception of Divine love, so difficult of penetration by anything like mere critical analysis, is found abundantly in Catholic poetry, but I know of no poetry in which this particular theme, the sublimated physical experience of love, is more passionately and profoundly expressed than in Sister Madeleva's. It sometimes attains to a completely ecstatic abandonment of self to God, and approaches anagogically to that intimate perception of His Divine love which was perhaps earliest expressed in the *Canticle of Canticles*:

Draw me, O King, into Thy chamber
For Thy love is sweeter than wine.

In Sister Madeleva's group of five poems entitled *The King's Secret* the mind speaks to the body, saying:

Little sister, a King comes to seek you, desiring
your beauty.
With the kiss of His mouth He will woo you; His
right arm will enfold you;
With His left He will pillow your head, little bride;
on His heart He will hold you.

and the body soliloquizes:

There should be flowers where the King reposes,
With subtle fragrance to beguile His rest;
I place, for bridal lilies, bridal roses,
My white, unfolded self upon His breast.

After a particularly ecstatic experience comes the quietness of these lines:

Now is my garden ravaged utterly;
Let be!
Winter is over and gone; a few birds sing
Within Your heart—and in my arms is spring.

At the last, finding peace, strength, rapture, she cries out intensely:

I am a door, a tower of passionate strength
Around which multitudinously throng
Wild ecstasies, wild loves, unending blisses . . .

and the poem ends, saying:

Presently let this rapture in profounder rapture
cease;

A silver bulwark of wrought silence be,
My Father, since that I am come at length,
Captive and free,
Into Your presence as one finding peace.

Her yearning impels her upward on the mystical stairs that lead from human to Divine love; yet halfway up she pauses to look imaginatively back. Her reflection is contained in a sonnet which is so compact as to allow of no partial quotation. The first two lines of the sestet are so elusive and yet so instantly clear that I wish to draw the reader's attention to them particularly. She addresses the personified abstraction of human lovers:

Oh, do I love you? Yes, to be brief and plain.
But from my window, if the day is clear,
See that far mountain, lonely and austere,
Flush into gradual wonder, where has lain
Passionless, pallid snow. Almost like pain
Rose-splendid radiance wraps it in beauty sheer
As the sun kisses it—wait, wait, my dear—
And passing, leaves it virgin white again.

When we have reached those heights of calm
surrender

Where white integrity and love are one,
Then you may compass me with utter splendor,
Nor shall we need to wish our joy undone;
Then you may kiss me, love, or tense or tender;
Then you may shine on me, being my sun.

I find many interesting technical features in Sister Madeleva's poetry. There is a wide range to her forms: couplets, tercets, triplets, many fine, compact quatrains, numerous sonnets (mainly Petrarchan), some free verse, odes, and so on. There are a few lines reminiscent of the Anglo-Saxon versification and, more recently, of Robert Browning's *Abt Vogler*. Those who know the latter in particular will not fail to recognize the similarity:

Heaven has incense of praise from censers seraphic
to bring.

She achieves a subtle, pleasing, complicated effect in rime and rhythm in *Innovation*:

Still come, Sweet;
Into Your arms' wide peace, passionate and tender,
Will come, fleet,
Brave, Your little love, in exquisite surrender.

She has a talent for the swift, poignant turn of a phrase, as in *The Gates*, when she speaks of the four gates of Jerusalem, saying in the final quatrain:

The world has narrow gates and wide,
Men seek their loves through all of them;
And I have come here seeking Mine,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

Yet, I would be the last to accuse her of word or thought trickery, to which a penchant for this type of expression might sometimes lead one who is less restrained than Sister Madeleva. On the contrary, I find that her poetry, generally speaking, is, like her personality, direct, unaffected, and dignified with the finest kind of simplicity. It is positively authentic in its emotional quality, and is essentially spiritual. It is touched with many a deft, charming, fastidious stroke; graceful in some parts, austere in others. It is, as Chesterton said, a poetry that has the power to stir one within, that has the fire and spirit of a real poetic nature and inspiration.

ON A HILLTOP

Long lanes that seek the west at evening
And find the east at rosy dawn,
Chequer the wide green world below me
With field and brake and shadowed lawn.

Straight roads and twisted roads, be twining
The whole earth in your friendly nets,
And bring me her whose face is music
My heart's deep silence never forgets.

I would have every small lane going
The way her feet would like it best,
By springs where only young birds drink
And virgin pines give shade and rest.

I would have golden bees make honey,
And glossy kine to give her milk,
And a brave thrush to cheer the dusk-time,
And butterflies to weave her silk.

Angel of love, of happy meetings,
Let nothing fright her or dismay,
Till all the west is filled with laughter,
And singing floods the gates of day.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

SUMMER DAY

Open your eyes! From pools of sleep
Behold emerging, radiant Day,
A child upon the green grass leap
In brilliant and fantastic play.

And, as the games unfolding grow,
Observe his weaving of a maze
Whose webs in gracious pattern grow
Before a world's astonished gaze.

As in the colors of his loom
He sets a rainbow's glistening arc,
Teases from peacock's fiery plume
One sudden, evanescent spark. . . .

The maze is bountifully long,
Threading its endless paradise,
Day's curls show dust; the gladdened throng
Of birds about his person flies.

When, with the twilight, tired ones
Limp slowly home, the sword is still.
On swifter legs before them, runs
A boy who seeks a western hill.

LAURA BENET

THE PELICANS MY FATHER SEES

Early one morning the bay will be full of pelicans.
(I have never seen pelicans except through his eyes.)
Over on the sand bar beneath the pearly hills
dozens of great white pelicans will settle and rise
with long wings powerfully pushing the air aside
slashing and cutting the sunlight, circling wide. . . .

Early one morning he will look out over the water.
(O, hello, there are the pelicans. More than last year.)
Over on the sandbar below the pearly hills
he will find big birds moving, flapping wings—here
a long beak dipping into the water. He
will bring his binoculars out the better to see.

Early one morning he will wake up to the pelicans
(on a cold bright morning after the ice is out)
on the sandbar and the rocks beneath the pearly hills
stretching their necks and wings and milling about.
He will wake up to the pelicans resting from flight.
After the long dark winter. After the night.

SISTER MARIS STELLA

SUPLIANT

Knees are different.
Often, when bent,
They mean sentiment.
And then again
They make men
Pray,
Or so they say.
But one must be a saint,
Almost ecstatic,
To make no plaint
At the rheumatic
Propensities in the position
Of petition . . .

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

A RHYME FOR TONY

There is no motor in the pedlar's cart:
It goes by push, and push alone,
Compounded all of human heft and heart,
Breath, brawn, and bone.

And that is why meticulous corner cops,
Pretending (of course) some traffic violation,
Come to inspect its stillness when it stops
And marvel at its unique inanitation.

LEONARD FEENEY

FANCIES

Our madcap fancies gallop faster than the wind,
Prancing ponies liking neither bridle nor bit;
Surely not in Paradise before Eve sinned,
Could they have learned to relish such a dashing time
of it!

(Brilliant frolic images, the world's enough disturbed.
Perilous your racing, and priceless is the soul.
Carry us to lovely ends! Be delicately curbed!
Be notified that mastery is not your proper role!)

We pray for perfect riding when flesh is glorified.
Then fancies after Day of Doom shall need nor spur
nor thills,
But in exquisite docility by angels' regal side,
What splendor shall the running be on sempiternal hills!

SISTER RITA AGNES

BOOKS

IS OUR DESTINY CENTRALIZATION?

BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE CONSTITUTION. By *Burton J. Hendrick*. Little, Brown and Co. \$3.50

FORMER Pulitzer Prize winner and biographer of the Lees of Virginia, the author offers delightful and stimulating reading on every one of the 430 pages of this volume. Intended for the general public, and not for students of the Constitution nor for lawyers, the book only gains in readability by its omission of footnotes, bibliography and other paraphernalia of scholarship. Mr. Hendrick believes that the Wagner Act decisions of last April "create a new United States" and that "the reign of Congress is now so sweeping that the Republic, in matters of industry, perhaps of agriculture, has become an integrated nation." And so fortunately or unfortunately (depending on your views of the pending bill in Washington) Mr. Hendrick starts off his book with a twenty-page introduction that is anti-Roosevelt in its implication and that sweeps all the way from De Tocqueville's views about centralized power in America to James Bryce's paragraphs on the failure of the Constitution to fix the number of Supreme Court justices.

Once this introduction is finished, the author begins with Washington, Madison, the Annapolis scheme and the perennially fascinating life story of the Constitution itself. In all this he does not linger on small details. Mr. Hendrick's interest is in trends, in the hidden or overt clashes compromised in the document, in the issues that these created, in the results they brought about. And so his volume is packed with information, most interestingly presented, about such things as *Marbury vs. Madison*, the slavery issue, the rise of nullification, the foundation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the income-tax fight and many other significant or critical moments in the biography of the nation.

Along with the portraits of the men who planned the Constitution are equally vivid pictures of those who preserved it in its crises. Marshall and not Jefferson gets the author's preference as a political thinker, though he gives unstinted praise to the latter's ideal of democracy. James Madison, the author holds, was one of the men who sowed the seeds of the Civil War. The title of *Great Dissenter* should belong not to Justice Holmes but to Justice Harlan, for in his thirty-four years on the bench the latter wrote 316 dissenting opinions. But Holmes is the author's hero.

Does the court fail to keep abreast of progress? Well, says our author, if certain judges have displayed a persistent obtuseness in reading their own outworn prejudices into decisions, others have stood forth just as prominently in making the Constitution what it was intended to be from the beginning, "a living and fluid instrument, built not for an age but for all time, responsive to the needs of a changing world."

JAMES T. HOPKINS

THE POPE OF THE MASSES

LEO XIII AND OUR TIMES. By *René Fülöp-Miller*. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

SELDOM do we find in a non-Catholic such understanding of Catholic philosophy, of Papal government and

the encyclicals of the pontiffs as in this instance. The author writes as a thorough Roman and we feel at home as we read his book. I would have the book placed in the hands of every anti-Catholic and rationalist for debate and I would wager on the outcome. Fülöp-Miller appears as a safe guide in the political and ecclesiastical history which he treats and as a doughty protagonist of Thomistic philosophy.

The author gives the reader an admirable delineation of the bitter conflict that was waged by the Church and various States during the pontificates of Pius IX and Leo XIII with the latter pontiff the outstanding character in the picture.

Leo is painted as a Pope of the masses like his successor Pius XI, as a conciliator in the conflict that was waged for years and was waxing ever stronger between the forces of Reason and Faith, between Rationalism and Theistic Philosophy and between Rome and the States that were bent on crushing her growing political power.

The author presents Bishop Pecci at the nuntiature of Brussels as responsible for a succession of diplomatic blunders and disappointments that finally induced the Holy See to recall him. Disappointed and embittered the Bishop accepted his destiny of obscurity for a whole generation. But in all these years of retirement there was a Providence at work to mould his personality for a greatness that was to be his when enthroned on the Chair of Peter. Aristotelian and Thomistic philosophy, also, which had passed through a penumbra in the period of Descartes and the subsequent philosophers, and was in danger of being thrust on the scrap-heap of outmoded systems, again emerged with the scholar Leo into the splendor of the noon-day sun, where it has served ever since as the guide of a true philosophy of life.

The author states that at first sight the political attitude of Leo is perplexing, incomprehensible and full of contradiction, and that Leo realized one of his great ambitions, namely, of restoring to the papacy "its former international prestige." Yet, strangely enough, the author finds this all to be but the logical expression of a system of ideas based on the "eternal philosophy" of St. Thomas. His diplomatic adroitness, he says, was in reality nothing but "following the methods of the world within the world."

We lay down this book with a conviction that a work has been done well and that historic truth has been presented in a style that fascinates. Why should the reader even pause to find fault with "inerrancy" of the Church instead of "infallibility"? Even the trained mind of the theologian might not notice the tiny weed in the attractive garden.

PHILIP H. BURKETT

DAN, THE DUCHESS AND SALLY, THE AUTO

AWAY TO QUEBEC. A GAY JOURNEY TO THE PROVINCE. By *Gordon Brinley*. Illustrated by *Putnam Brinley*. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50

FOR the doomed stay-at-home, *Away to Quebec* will furnish, vicariously, the joys of travel; for the favored sight-seer, the book will prove a Baedeker de luxe; for the literary legion who still respond to the magic of Stevenson's sunniest of travel stories, the *Gay Journey to the Province* will claim their recognition as a genuine derivative. Would that Modestine had been as tractable as Sally!

From the sizzling day in late June, when Dan, the Duchess and Sally the Auto, decide to leave the mech-

anistic bounds and bands of civilization and route their way from Connecticut to New Hampshire, across Vermont to Montreal, their travel whirl catches up the reader who, thereafter, sees with them, hears with them, speaks with them, and even philosophizes with them, since God's Handiwork, adequately recognized, creates wisdom's words.

The skill of the Duchess, with an eye sweeping in vision and microscopic in detail (for Sally is rarely speeding), is evidenced in her Road Notes which gather up the beauties of land and wave, sky and mountain, and show them in kaleidoscopic review. Her diary notes, made in the calm of emotion recollected in tranquillity, introduce us by intimate jottings to the spectacle of the human comedy. Artists, tourists, golfers, campers, university graduates, the man with the hoe, Brother André (of blessed memory), the original Maria Chapdelaine, all slip past in life's stream, each appraised and approved by Her Benignity. Dan spreads before our view in some twenty-eight fine illustrations, this bit of Eden-like beauty. It is fitting that the meed of praise be shared equally by the teller and the doer.

While the book caters, mainly, to the esthetic delight of the reader, its utilitarian value is neatly exhibited in the call of attention to good hotels, road houses, best routes. The evaluation of these same roads brings forth a fine tribute to John Loudon McAdam, who at sixty years of age began the big work of his life, unremunerated (even at times he paid his own expenses), but he lived to see his name become a word in the English language. "That's the point, Dan; think of being a part of the English language!!" One little threnodic moan escapes from the lighthearted melodies of praise that the Duchess sings of the Trappist Monks, specialists in agriculture and in a great many other things. "I wish they didn't take life so hard." They don't. They are living the High Romance even now in its preparative phase.

The Supplement, Part IV, under the caption of "A Motor Trip" issues the last word in travel information of this kind. At the same time, it becomes an alluring invitation to follow on the trail of Dan, the Duchess and Sally.

Away to Quebec is a book to have and to hold; to take with you when you flit; to place near you when you relax. It is as informative as the popular series, "So You're Going To . . ." while it is quite innocent of any guide-like tone.

SISTER BERCHMANS LOUISE

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

INVERTEBRATE SPAIN. By José Ortega y Gasset. Translation and Foreword by Mildred Adams. W. W. Norton, Inc. \$2.75

THE crying appeal for the truth behind the Spanish Civil War which arose from the conflicting stories of books, magazine articles and newspaper accounts is answered at last by José Ortega's *Invertebrate Spain*. Not bound by the confines of the last decade, but weaving his way through the history of Spain from the Middle Ages particularly, Señor Ortega lays the groundwork for a true understanding of the Spanish troubles and demonstrates conclusively that "none of the current explanations of its [Spain's] decadence can stand more than five minutes of the most elementary analysis."

Historical in approach and political in content, *Invertebrate Spain* is primarily the work of a thinker, but not of a dreamer. Its thesis is built on history as well as on the author's own personal experience as a student and a politician; from study and observation. It gives the lie to those who ascribe the present crisis, through which Spain is passing, to any one of several particular causes: political, religious or economic; and lays the root of the troubles to the record of Spain's past rather than to any

recent cause. Added to this valuable survey of the history of a country which emerged from the quiet of centuries to the forefront of the world's interest, Señor Ortega likewise points out indications of what the future may hold for that unhappy country.

Señor Ortega is well fitted for the task to which his essays set him. Philosopher, thinker, politician and writer, he sums up in his life and work all the qualities necessary for giving a truthful resume of what led to the Spain of 1936-7. Nor does his nationality create a bias for the task, for, Spaniard though he be, the author writes as one looking back and down from an eminence on a path over which he has travelled, and his penetrating analysis, made in the relative quiet of pre-revolution days, makes of his book an absolute essential to a complete understanding of the Spanish question. The worthy translation of Mildred Adams enhances the interest and pleasure of the book for the reader.

THE THREE COMRADES. By Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.75

ERICH Remarque with his *All Quiet on the Western Front* was introduced to his public as a powerful and direct writer with more interest in life than in literature, more boldness than delicacy. His next book, *The Road Back*, described the return from the front and what might be called the reconstruction period. In *The Three Comrades* the boys of the earlier books are grown men, marked with the moral and economic scars that will be effaced only with the passing of the generation which has known the war.

The picture is a sad one of frustration, with ideals and standards obliterated in the shapeless mass of life. The three comrades are good specimens of humanity, strong and intelligent people, who in ordinary circumstances would have reached their goal, had not the goal been lost amid the shells and trenches. They cultivate every chance thrill for the momentary forgetfulness it brings. Life is an inevitable tragedy without hope or promise. The life to come is an illusion, and the thought of happiness a cruel deception.

The story is told through the words of Bob, the youngest of the three. Through nearly five hundred pages this straightforward, warm-hearted boy never falls out of character. He meets Pat, and their love, which winds through the pages of the book is the only beautiful thing in the book. It ends in tragedy, because they are too disillusioned and disheartened to believe until too late that this drop of happiness can exist. Though the book is written with thundering vividness, and presents its characters with the intensity of real life, it is in the last analysis simply the cry of despair of a generation crazed by four years of horror.

LAND OF TOMORROW. By R. W. Thompson. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$4

IN search of material for a book the author and his wife sailed from England to Buenos Aires and then toured Paraguay and Bolivia at the height of the bloody struggle for the Gran Chaco. There is here given a highly interesting and entertaining record of the trip with appreciative descriptions of the natural beauties of the land, frank estimates of the character of the people, and detailed reports of personal adventures on a tour where money was always scarce, but where friends opportunely intervened to fend off disaster.

One of the objectives was to investigate the causes of the war between Bolivia and Paraguay. The decision lays the blame entirely on Bolivia, and traces her aggressiveness to a desire to secure direct connection with the sea. Cut off from her old ports on the west by an unsuccessful war with Chile, Bolivia set out to conquer not only the Chaco, but also Paraguay proper, so as to have access to Buenos Aires by way of the Paraná River. In the judgment of the author no permanent peace is possible till Chile restores the ports she took from Bolivia in the earlier war. Paraguay is represented as having been taken unprepared and as having defeated modern armament mainly by the courage of her people.

THEATRE

SEVERAL times I have been accused by my confreres of being so fond of the theatre that I can enjoy even faulty plays. There is some truth in the charge. Very few plays produced in New York are hopelessly bad from start to finish. There is something good in most of them. It may be only one well-written scene, or one well-developed character. It may even happen that there is more good work than bad work in the play, but that the bad work killed the play as effectively as a bad organ may destroy an otherwise healthy human body.

It is interesting to speculate a bit as to why an author capable of writing certain good scenes, or conceiving some good characters, could not do better work as a whole. It is even more interesting to consider, as the play goes on, what might have been done to save it.

The plays really worth thinking about, of course, are those which are so nearly good that one is put to it to understand their failure. When that sort of a play pops up, one promptly makes one's self an adapter and goes over the whole play mentally, scene by scene, getting a lot of interest out of the discovery of weaknesses to be strengthened, of omissions and additions which might remodel the play into a success.

Exactly that sort of thing is being done all the time by professional adapters. Our latest example of it is *Room Service*, which is said to have been wobbling on its last legs when George Abbott took it in hand and whipped it into a long-time Broadway success as well as a piece of property worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a moving picture producer. Max Gordon is said to have the same type of genius as an adapter, though not even he and Maurice Evans together could make a success of *St. Helena*. Nobody knows just why, and that opens another field for speculation. What was the basic flaw which wrecked that play? Why did not those two geniuses discover and remove it? Or was the flaw in the public mind—in the inability of playgoers to appreciate an offering its astute producers and its great star regarded as exceptionally good?

That particular problem, of course, is the rarest of all. Usually, it does not require genius to recognize faults in a play. Every dramatic critic undertakes to do it and shrieks his findings after the opening performance. An amazing number of intelligent playgoers can recognize a play's faults as correctly and as quickly as the critics, even if they cannot express their opinions so fluently.

Of these, the supreme example during the past season was Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson*, a play containing so much that was unusually good that several of New York's leading critics yearned to give it the Critic's Annual Award. And yet, it seemed to me, *Johnny Johnson*'s faults could be no secret from anyone who saw the play. It was a thing of extremes. Starting out with the interesting situation of a country lad with conscientious objections to war being driven into the World War because he was told it would end war; going on with a capital scene of the boy's admission to the army and his first experiences there; giving us in passing a really stunning battle scene and some fine war music, *Johnny Johnson* then suddenly developed into sheer and incredibly stupid farce. Nothing more idiotic, overwritten and exaggerated was given on our stage last season than the scene of the "high command" in action. Almost equally over-done, though not quite, was the scene in the asylum. Yet after those two amazing examples of ineptitude and unbalanced judgment, the play closed with a scene that haunted the spectators for days.

I felt from the first and still feel that *Johnny Johnson* held a number of very big dramatic moments. I still feel that its lapses into imbecility were as unnecessary as they were unpardonable. The sole thing needed to save the play was some good judgment.

If there were a critics' annual verdict as to the worst play of a season I should give my vote this year to *Ten Million Ghosts*. This, too, seems incredible, even as I write it. The author of *Ten Million Ghosts* was Sidney Kingsley, who wrote *Dead End* and *Men In White*, two spectacular New York successes, both fully deserving their success. Yet the man who wrote those plays handed to New York playgoers last autumn the dullest and most futile offering in a season noted for many failures.

Looked at one way there was no excuse for Mr. Kingsley. He selected his own company. He directed and produced his play. There was no one to interfere with him. Yet, that very fact, if you ask me, was one of the explanations of the failure of his play. All the evidence suggests that Mr. Kingsley needed some interference and advice. All the evidence also suggests that he must have had a good deal of both in connection with his two big successes. Otherwise, how explain their success, unless one assumes that Mr. Kingsley's success had gone to his head, had convinced him that he was infallible?

A similar criticism can be made of the war drama, *Red Harvest*, the Chateau Thierry piece, which was so beautifully produced and acted. Its direction and setting were superb. Its players were ideal in their roles. But, alas, the offering was no play! The stage was magnificently set for a play. The audience was also magnificently set for a play, especially those of us who had been at Chateau Thierry. We were still expecting a play when the final curtain fell. *Leaves from the Note Book of a Red Cross Nurse*, the author had called it—and that is what it was. Why announce it as a drama?

And how about some of the other plays, so bravely announced as coming successes, so briefly produced? We know why William Wycherley's *Country Wife* did not succeed, notwithstanding Gilbert Miller's eye-filling production and Ruth Gordon's inspired acting in it. Perhaps we must all eat our pint of dirt in the theatre, but, as in real life, most of us are firmly determined not to eat it all at once.

We know why Anne Nichols' production of *Pre-Honeymoon* failed and why the same fate met *Golden Journey*, *Spring Dance*, *Arrest That Woman*, *Timber House*, *Reflected Glory*, *So Proudly We Hail*, *Stark Mad*, *And Stars Remain*, *Lend Me Your Ears*, *The Laughing Woman*, *Black Limelight*, *Around the Corner*, *Daughter of Atrous*, *Swing Your Lady*, *White Man*, *The House in the County*, *But for the Grace of God*, *And Now Goodbye*, *A Point of Honor*, *Be so Kindly*, *Call me Ziggy*, *Now You've Done It*, *Chalked Out*, *Sunkissed*, *Hitch Your Wagon*, *Bet Your Life*, *Curtain Call*, *Without Warning*, and *Orchids Preferred*.

It is not so easy to explain the brisk failure of plays like *Seen But Not Heard*, *Two Hundred Were Chosen*, Anne Crawford's *Aged Twenty-six*, *Tide Rising*, John Howard Lawson's *Marching Song*, and *Young Madame Conti*. All these plays had good work in them. Also, how account for the comparatively short runs of plays with an immense amount of good work in them, such plays as *Prelude to Exile*, *Parnell*, *Plumes in the Dust*, and, above all, Henri Bernstein's *Promise*?

We can say without much mental effort that these four plays were all too somber, and perhaps that is the answer. The failure of two well-written but highly depressing military plays early in the season, and the overwhelming success of *Brother Rat*, a military play full of sweetness and light, lends strong support to that theory. Be this as it may, I give my choice of the season's ten worst plays and let it go at that. *Ten Million Ghosts*, *Swing Your Lady*, *Orchids Preferred*, *Stark Mad*, *The Laughing Woman*, *Be So Kindly*, *Call Me Ziggy*, *Sunkissed*, *Curtain Call* and *Pre-Honeymoon*.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE ROAD BACK. Emotionalism and a rather inappropriate sense of humor hinder this film based on Erich Maria Remarque's novel of post-war maladjustment from attaining the simple effectiveness of its predecessor, *All Quiet*. Director James Whale was seemingly faced with the necessity of bringing forth significant entertainment from a few case histories and a vague mental attitude, and the production sacrifices realism to a tenuous psychological approach bounded on all sides by dullness. In the midst of the bewildering changes brought on by the Great War, an ex-soldier kills a sodden profiteer who has compromised his sweetheart. During the murder trial, the defendant's comrades attempt to justify his act as a slight extension of the trench code, a specious argument which is rejected. The soldier is convicted and the new reverence in which human life is held is suitably emphasized by the sight of children being trained for the war to come. It is, regrettably, not the picture it could have been, but an infrequently moving, often limp and moody document which will prove important neither to the socially minded nor the humbler entertainment seeker. John King, Richard Cromwell, Andy Devine and Slim Summerville are in the cast, the latter two lending a falsely farcical note. The picture is decidedly for adults. (*Universal*)

SLAVE SHIP. An uninviting chapter of American history is spotlighted in this tall story of the slave trade. The stress, of course, is all on the swashbuckling rather than the social side of the inhuman business, and the film contents itself with being good, exciting adventure for the less squeamish patrons. When the captain of the slave ship Albatross makes a respectable match, he tries to go out of business, but a mutinous crew carries him and his wife off to Africa. The reformed captain turns the tables, however, and brings the cargo of slaves to freedom. Some of the scenes aboard ship are done with almost painful fidelity to historical accounts and the brutal treatment of the unfortunate negroes does not make for light entertainment. Warner Baxter is consistently fine as the captain and Elizabeth Allen is a mild heroine. Wallace Beery, Peter Lorre and young Mickey Rooney round out the efficient cast. The rougher scenes place the production in the adult bracket. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST. That ubiquitous property of recent farce, the inventor, figures in this diverting comedy but, as usual, more as a baffled human being than an assured scientist. A young man, enriched overnight by a new shaving cream, sets out to share his happiness. But in trying to help a young lady to get married, he gets into difficulties with his wealthy fiancée. Through a mad series of mishaps, including an auto crash, a kidnapping and a stay in jail, the inventor discovers the fickleness of his intended bride and marries the girl he has befriended. This is strictly lightweight material, but it is carried off with ingratiating humor, and ought to amuse the whole family. Robert Young and Florence Rice are featured. (*MGM*)

ANOTHER DAWN. Another triangle featuring Kay Francis and miniature fashion show, this film flees to the desert for something like a virile background. The usual, monotonous tangle of affections follows the marriage of a Mesopotamian officer to the wrong woman. The complication is solved by the officer's heroic sacrifice of himself in quelling a native revolt. Ian Hunter and Frieda Inescourt manage to rise above the script with sympathetic performances but Kay Francis and Errol Flynn are not so fortunate. It is mediocre fare for adults. (*Warner*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

A FEW days after the forces of General Franco drove the Red army out of Bilbao and occupied that extremely important city, a curious kind of propaganda commenced appearing in those American newspapers which print the Leftist hokum from Valencia. This buncombe, printed as a news article, left the reader with the vague impression that somehow or other Franco got the worst of it at Bilbao. Quiet optimism seemed to spread rapidly through Valencia as news of the loss of Bilbao came in. One article from Valencia, sent to the *New York Times* by Herbert L. Matthews, appeared—at the very moment when Nationalist troops were pouring into Bilbao—with this headline: "Loyalists See Tide Turning Their Way." Franco pushes the Reds out of the second largest port in Spain; Valencia immediately sees the tide turning its way. If Franco captures Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia, he might as well give up all hope of ultimate victory. In American newspapers, as Franco grows stronger, he becomes weaker. As the Leftists grow weaker, they become stronger.

If this or similar styles of propaganda were employed in other fields, we would be regaled with items like the following.

Washington. The Senate Committee report which scathingly denounced Roosevelt's scheme to reorganize the Supreme Court, pleased the President very much. As the prospect of corraling votes for the measure grew less and less likely, great joy together with a spirit of quiet optimism spread with the rapidity of fire through the White House. The White House had hoped to marshal sufficient votes; hence the joy and optimism following its failure to do so.

New York. A scene that stirred fans no end was unveiled at the Polo Grounds yesterday. Carl Hubbell, well-known moundsman, hung up a new world's record. Hubbell, pitching against the Cards, was nicked for two home runs in the third; three in the fourth; five in the sixth. As the game went on and the Cards drove more balls over the fence, it became clear Hubbell was striving for a record. At the end of the ninth, he had hung up a new record, having allowed fifteen home runs, twelve singles, seven doubles, and eight triples. Beside themselves with enthusiasm, his team-mates raised him to their shoulders, and paraded around the field while the fans grew hoarse. The management will give Hubbell a bonus for his feat.

Berlin. Joseph Goebbels called at the Chancellery yesterday and found Adolf Hitler guffawing loudly. When he was able to stop laughing, Hitler told Goebbels that a paperhangers' union in America had objected to his (Hitler's) being classified as a skilled paperhanger. The point that struck him funny, (Hitler told Goebbels between roars) was this: he was a dictator, with power to hang men and women with ropes, and yet people did not think him good enough to hang paper with a brush. Hitler told Goebbels to print the joke in all the Nazi papers so the German people could get a good, hearty laugh, too.

Chicago. As James J. Braddock thudded into the canvas last night, observers noticed a big smile spreading over his face. Outside of being unconscious, he felt fine in every other way, his seconds said. After Braddock came to, his smile became still larger. He said he was now sure he could lick Louis. Before being knocked out, he had been doubtful. A spirit of quiet optimism was noticed spreading through the Braddock camp.

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